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631 officials who live at Yün-nan Fu, viz.: the Fan-t'ai or treasurer, the Nieh-t'ai or provincial judge, the Liang-tao or grain-tax commissioner, and the Yen-tao or salt commissioner. These four with the Viceroy form a board to settle important matters.

701 The chief military authority in Yün-nan is the T'i-t'ai or provincial commander-in-chief, whose residence is not at the capital, but at Ta-li Fu. Under him are five officers of the rank of Chên-t'ai or general who have their headquarters at different places in the province and command large districts which do not necessarily correspond with the civil administrative divisions. Under them again are various officers distributed all over the province, their rank corresponding to the size or importance of the garrisons they command. The lowest military officials are those known as hsün-kuan (pronounced *sin-kuan* in western Yün-nan). These men correspond nearly to our police sergeants, and are placed in some of the large villages with from four to eight men under them, in charge of a small circle.

The soldiers are divided into regulars and irregulars. The former are locally recruited men, armed with any sort of weapon, and kept up principally for police purposes. They are hardly expected to do any fighting. The irregulars or "braves" are the men who are sent out where there is any fighting to be done. Many of them are recruited from other provinces, those in Yün-nan coming principally from Hu-nan and Ssŭ-ch'uan. They are the only part of the military forces who can be called soldiers[1].

• 206 On the 15th January, the day after my arrival in T'êng-yüeh, a Chinese telegraph clerk who knew a few words of English came to see me, and told me that Mr Jensen, a Dane in the Chinese telegraph service, was expected to arrive at T'êng-yüeh that day, and asked me to change my quarters to the telegraph office. He also told me that P'êng, the Chinese official who had accompanied us in our search for the "gates" the previous year, was now in charge of the T'êng-yüeh telegraph office. He knew nothing whatever of telegraphy, but this is considered a matter of no importance: in fact in many of the Chinese

[1] This was written before the formation of the Lu Chün, the modern army of China.

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telegraph offices there is installed as manager an expectant official for whom there is no better post going at the time. This manager has charge of the accounts of the office, and it is consequently unnecessary for the Chinese Government to give him much of a salary.

I went up with the clerk to see P'êng, who received me with great cordiality and invited me to breakfast. The breakfast I must say I did not altogether appreciate, though no doubt it was excellent from a Chinese point of view. The rice and cabbage were both eatable, but the lumps of fat pork were rather trying, and I had to go back to my tent and eat biscuits to take away the taste.

In the afternoon I moved up to the telegraph office, and soon afterwards Mr Jensen arrived. It was indeed a pleasure to meet a European and to talk English again. Mr Jensen had lived in Yün-nan since about 1886, and till the opening of Mêng-tzŭ as a treaty port in 1897 he remained the only non-missionary European in the province. He has in the course of his duties travelled many times along the main roads of Yün-nan, and many travellers who have passed through Yün-nan Fu are indebted to him for information and assistance, which he has been so ready to give. I should mention in justice to Mr Jensen that he was not responsible for the fact that the Yün-nan telegraph lines were out of order for nearly half the year. The upkeep of the line is in the hands of Chinese officials who embezzle the money which is intended for its repair. Mr Jensen was now on his way down to the Burmese frontier to connect the Chinese wire with our line at Nampaung.

I halted another day and went to call on the General, the chief civil magistrate, and on Yang, who had met me at Mien-ch'in. The magistrate had fever and I did not see him, but the General and his staff officer were both very civil, asked me to dinner, and returned my calls. The invitations to dinner I was rather glad to be able to excuse myself from on the plea of Mr Jensen's presence. Chinese dinners though well meant are rather a doubtful pleasure and last several hours.

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000 however, does not go down to it, but turns in a more westerly direction to Ning-kram, a Kachin village of the Maran tribe. The Kachins were somewhat surprised, as they naturally did not expect to see a European travelling about here, but I had no difficulty in convincing them that it was quite a friendly visit. The last time we had come across Kachins was on the 11th January, the day that we marched into Chan-hsi (San-si). This race is only met with near the Burmese border; they do not extend any distance into the interior of Yün-nan.

487 Our road the next day crossed the Nam Wan a mile or two above the head of the Möng Wan plain and then passed over another range of hills into the Ho-hsa valley. I had sent on to say I was coming and was most hospitably received by the sawbwa, who was then living in his old [136] capital at Se-kow. I found a good many spot-billed duck in the flooded rice fields here and also saw one snipe.

I could not spare the time to accept the sawbwa's invitation to stay on here a day or two, and started again the next morning, accompanied for part of the way by his eldest son. The range between the Nam Wan and the [137] Taping is crossed at 7,400 feet. Here I found a very nice sort of white wild strawberry growing, quite different from the tasteless red variety that one usually finds in this country. We descended into the Taping valley and crossed the river at Nawng-hsai ferry: it is 500 yards wide here, but at this time of the year not more than half the bed has any water in it and it is shallow enough to be fordable. We slept the night at the Shan monastery at Man-waing • [206] or Man-yün. Since my last visit, telegraphic communication had been established by Mr Jensen between T'êng-yüeh and the Burmese frontier, and I found a telegraph station established here and was once more in touch with the outside world.

On the 15th of May we reached the frontier fort of Nam-paung, and in two more marches did the 32 miles which separate this post from Bhamo.

Ta-li Fu to Yün-nan Fu

000 to ang-pei T'ing, crossing the Yangtze by an iron chain bridge, thence turning south had recrossed that river by a ferry just above the mouth of the Ya-lung River and had come on through Ta-yao Hsien and Yao Chou.

361 Chên-nan Chou is considered one of the poorest towns in Yün-nan. It contains perhaps 500 houses, all very small. There is scarcely any trade in the place, and a great many Chên-nan men are obliged to hire themselves out as mule drivers in other places to get a livelihood.

Two easy days of level marching brought us to Ch'u-hsiung Fu, or Ts'u-hsiung Fu as it is invariably called in Yün-nan. The people of this town are peculiarly conservative and exclusive. They have such an objection to strangers that no inn is allowed within the city walls, and no one from any other town is allowed to establish a shop. When the telegraph line was first taken through here, there was much commotion, and so determined was the opposition of the townspeople to this new-fangled means of communication that the telegraph office had to be put inside the Colonel's yamen, the only place where it would be safe from destruction.

186 177 206

One might expect such a conservative place to be very anti-foreign. But such is not the case. We found the people civil and friendly, and the missionaries who visit the place occasionally get on well with them, though they had so far failed to establish a permanent mission station here.

000 We put up at an excellent inn in the suburbs, with a very large upper-storey room, which was just what we wanted, as we had much work to do in putting our maps together, while our evenings were fully occupied in getting the longitude from Bhamo by telegraph. We were not the only Europeans in Ch'u-hsiung at the time, for we found two members of the China Inland Mission, Mr Nicholls and Mr Saunders, on a temporary visit here. On the day after our arrival we had quite a dinner-party to celebrate the meeting of six Englishmen in the middle of Yün-nan.

We halted four or five days at Ch'u-hsiung and re-arranged our plans. Watts-Jones started again on the 15th March to continue the survey for the line on to Yün-nan Fu. Ker, accompanied by Ram Sabad, one of

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000 The next day, the 24th, we crossed the watershed between the Mekong and the Black River at 7,500 feet, and on Christmas Day reached Hsin-fu. The village contains only 30 houses, and is built on the Pa-pien Ho, a river 50 yards wide, which is the upper part of the Black River of Tong-king.

753 The height of Hsin-fu is only 3,400 feet, and the whole of this part of the Black River valley has a bad reputation 764 for unhealthiness. The Hsün-chien, the small official who is in charge of the district, had just died and was in his coffin in the room of the temple I was sleeping in, awaiting removal to his native place for burial.

132 Certainly I did not find the Black River valley a pleasant climate even at this time of year. At night the thermometer would go down to 40°, and there would be a nasty cold mist till the sun broke through about ten o'clock, when it would become decidedly hot. But in justice to this valley I should mention that Turner and Ker were travelling in it for some days in the height of the rainy season, and that none of their party, which included several Chinamen, suffered at all from fever. So healthy are the great part of the uplands of Yün-nan, that the Chinese of that province are apt to condemn as unfit to live in any place where it is possible to get fever.

000 For two days from Hsin-fu we followed down the Pa-pien valley, but keeping generally some way off the actual river. An uninteresting country, very thinly populated by Chinese and K'a-tus. Later on in March and April there is a good deal of traffic in P'u-êrh tea along this road, but at this time of year there is no trade except in salt carried by men on foot from Mo-hei, near P'u-êrh.

317 Leaving the Pa-pien valley altogether on the 28th, we turned more westward and the next day reached Mo-hei, a large village with an important salt well which supplies a very large part of southern Yün-nan.

Here our route joined the main road from Yün-nan Fu to P'u-êrh Fu, and the next day, crossing a range at just over 6000 feet, we dropped down into the P'u-êrh plain.

• 206 The only apparent change in P'u-êrh since I was there five years before was the establishment of a telegraph 000 office. In the evening I spent several hours at the office

Even the imperial telegraph line led over the S.W. China AF 16 bleak saddle of 206
the Dschedo la and its 4,390-meter altitude. (1) The line had

1. Kreitner-Szechenyi 4,499 meters; Rockhill 4,365 meters (14,320 feet); Gill 4,425 meters (14,515 feet; War office map 15,000 feet.

just been completed as far as Ba tang. My Hsining men who had never before seen a telegraph line had to conduct a detailed investigation. Of course, they had long since heard that one could send a whole letter over the wires, but they had the most adventuresome ideas as to how this was done. They wanted to cut the wire and see what the hollow space inside looked like. Shortly after I had dissuaded them from this wild idea we met a telegraph sentry consisting of six men strong. They were looking for a damaged wire because the service had been interrupted the day before. It seemed a miracle to me that one could telegraph at all at the time because hardly any of the insulators on the poles were intact. The Tibetans regarded them as a particularly suitable target for their guns as well as for their beloved stone slings.

Beyond the Dschedo Pass the eye first of all falls on bare rocky 133
ridges and on broad, planed-out and dry ravine bottoms. The peaks in the vicinity of the pass rise above 5,000 meters. They are all still below the boundary of perpetual snow and one could discover on them only scattered white spots. However, when one descends the steep, uneven military road which was paved many years ago, and when one has turned the corner and reached an eroded ravine bottom, then suddenly gigantic fields of perpetual snow sparkle in the south (Plate XLVI). In front of these in the depths nestles the Dschedo Valley with the little village of Dschedo, an important stopping place for the night for people coming from below. Before one 137
reaches this town one crosses the wide rhododendron zone /202/ which, with its large white and pink blossoms, extends down from 4,500 to 3,800 meters. The large blossoms were just opening and the steep mountain slopes sometimes formed a veritable sea of blossoms. Long before one reaches Dschedo one is within the boundary of mountain forests, and the amount of moisture which the monsoon must unload in these border mountains has caused an almost impenetrable jungle to develop on both sides of the valley, on the northern as well as southern slopes.

Near Dschedo the ravine which is used by the road abandons its 000
southeasterly direction and turns due east, and now all at once there